

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Section: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

# Excerpts from "The Odyssey"

## *Penelope Weaving Text Chart*

TEXT	WHAT THE AUTHOR IS SAYING	WHAT THE AUTHOR IS DOING
They rush the marriage on, and I spin out my wiles.		
A God from the blue it was inspired me first to set up a great loom in our royal halls		
And I began to weave, and the weaving finespun, the yarn endless, and I would lead them on:		

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“Young men, my suitors, now that King Odysseus is no more, go slowly, keen as you are to marry me, until I can finish off this web...so my weaving won’t all fray and come to nothing.”		
...Then, when the wheeling seasons brought the fourth year on and the months waned and the long days came round once more,		
Then, thanks to my maids – the shameless, reckless creatures – the suitors caught me in the act, denounced me harshly.		
So I finished it off. Against my will. They forced me.		
And now I cannot escape a marriage, nor can I contrive a deft way out.		